the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame, But the hymn of the low and the humble, the

weary, the broken in heart. Who strove and who failed, acting bravely s silent and desperate part: Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away.

grasped at, who stood at the dying of With the wreck of their life all round them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,

With death swooping down o'er their failure, him?" and all but their faith overthrown. While the voice of the world shouts its chorus its pman for those who have won: While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun Glad banners are waving, hands clapping, and

hurrying feet Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the field of defeat, In the shadow with those who are fallen, wounded, and dying, and there Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their

pain-knotted brows, breath a prayer, Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper: "They only the victory win . Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the demon that tempts us with-

Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high: Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, re sist, fight-if need be, to die."

Speak, history! who are life's victors? Unrol thy long annals, and say,

Are they those whom the world called the victers-who won the success of a day? The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell on Thermopylm's tryst.
Or the Persians and Xerxes! His judges, or

Secrates? Pilate, or Christ? -W. W. Story, in Once a Week.

HOUSE TO LET.

An Expensive Surprise That Was clared it met her fancy exactly. Hardly a Pleasure.



take care of the house, with a bright - painted "to let" stuck up in front of the area - windows, and coal and house rent free. Which I

don't deny, my dear, is an object to a lone female like me, with neither chick nor child and my own way to make in the world, with fine laundressing out of the question on account of rheumatism in the finger joints. You look like a respectable person,

Mrs. Pounce, that has seen better days," was what the house-agent said when he handed over the keys, "and." says he: "I think we may trust you to take good care of bur doorsteps and windows, show applicants over the customer left the office. We can't split house and answer all questions."

"You may say so, sir," says I. with a courtesy: "there's many houses I've had charge of and never a fault has been found yet. And this shan't be the first one," says I.

"We've a large business," says Mr. Eagle, "and if you give satisfaction, Mrs. Pounce," says he, as civil spoken as possible, "it's likely you will never be without a roof to your head!"

Well, my dear, of all nice housesand I've seen a many in my day-this was the nicest. Brown-stone front, with a bay window and snug garden planted all in box-borders, hot and cold water all through, a little conservatory with an arched glass roof at the rear and the hall floor covered with real Minton tiles, as made you think you was walking on pictures; walls painted with cupids and venuses and garlands of flowers and dados of hardwood all throughout. Neighborhood most desirable; drainage and sewerage the house in two, can we?" says he. perfect and churches conveniently near. Excuse me, my dear, if it sounds like an advertisement, but Mr. Eagle, the agent, wrote it down for me and I never rested until I had committed it all to memory so I could speak it off easy like, without any stops, or hitches. And this I will say, as can't be said of all advertisements, there wasn't a word in the agent's description but what the house bore out!

And the board hadn't been up twenty-four hours before there was a rush to look at the house. Young married couples as wanted to give up apartments; old married folks as wasn't suited with their location; boardinghouse keepers as made believe they



"THAT'LL DO, MA'AM." was private families; and private fam-

ilies as wanted to take a few select

boarders. But the rent was put up tolerably high and most of 'em dropped off after I'd named the sum.

mind," says Mr. Eagle, rubbing his hands. "It's a house that there'll be no difficulty in letting without any reduction of rent. Just wait," says he, "until the spring sets in."

But one day in trots an old gentleman with gold spectacles and a smoothshaven face and "business" written in every wrinkle of his forehead. "This house to let, ma'am?" says he.

"Yes, sir," says I.

"Can I look at it?" says he. Certainly, sir, " says I smooth as oil, about the hot and cold water, the marble-floored bathroom and the Minton tiles, when, all of a sudden, he put up both hands in a warning sort of way.

do. I've eyes and I can see for myself." arms. "Certainly, sir," says I: but I won't | "Dear Josh!" says she.

deny as I was taken aback by that "Any ghosts about this

ma'am?" says he. "Sir?" savs L "Ghosts," says he, out loud and sharp. "Mysterious footsteps-lurking shadows, clanking chains at midnight?" "Mercy, no, sir." says I, beginning to feel my flesh creep all over. "Rats?" says he.

"Certainly not," says I, "with solid cemented cellar floor and sealed boards." "Beetles?" savs he. "Look for yourself, sir," says l, bridling up a little.

"I like the house," says he, after he and peered into the coal cellar and wine vault and sounded the copper boiler with his knuckles, just for all From whose hand slipped the prize they had the world as if he was in the plumbing business. "You may tell the agent I'll "Yes, we have." take it, if he and I can come to terms about the rent. When shall you see

> "Most likely this afternoon, sir." "I'll drop in at his office to-morrow at nine," says he. "I'm going to be married," says he, as composed as if he my wife's ideas. She thinks we're goa bit pleased with the idea. It'll be a pleasant surprise for her," says he.

Well, no sooner had he gone than in any cabbage rose.

office," says she. "He has given me the refusal of this house in case it suits

it's let already.' "Let already?" says she, with a sort of scream. "But that's impossible.

Show me the premises at once." may believe; but I went all over the in her account of the aborigines of house with the curly lady and she de-

pose," says she. "Yes, ma'am," says I, "if-" oMrs. Pounce, nodding her

take down the 'To Let,' my good womorange - colored an. cap-strings, I courtsies very low but I says to my-"they put me in self: "Not if I knows it, ma'am, not -the house

without orders from the agent himagency did-to Away went the lady with the curly

> himself, all smiles. "Well, Mrs. Pounce," said he, "so the house is let?" "To my thinking, sir," said I, "it's

> let twice over." And I up and told him about my old

perplexing. At what time was this horizon. personage here?"

I, "just as he went away." forehead like a play actor.

"Confusion worse confounded:" says he. "It was twelve precisely when my | ment's notice.



"Well, we must tell your old gentleman just how it happened. I dare say he'll be reasonable about it." But he wasn't reasonable, Mr. Eagle

one in such a rage. "I've taken the house," says he, "and

say that the rent is two hundred pounds? I'll give you two hundred and fifty pounds down; if my claim and that he came up for a short visit. of this lady are equally good, the question of price must settle it." Well, we supposed - me and Mr.

Eagle-as that was the end of the matter. But not a bit of it. The lady came and a tape measure to see about the "Two hundred and fifty pounds, in-

deed!" says she, with the toss of the fair." curls. "It will take more than a paltry two hundred and fifty pounds to unsettle my plans. I'll give three hundred pounds sooner than I'll lose the

When my old gentleman hears this he grinds his teeth in a manner as was fearful to hear. "It's my house," says he, "and I will

have it. Three hundred and fifty pounds, Eagle." "Come," says Mr. Eagle, "matters are getting lively. Real estate is looking up in the market," says he. But you should have heard what a

very next day, that the curly lady had said at last: "Don't ye like it Ab. after authorized me to offer four hundred. "I'll not stand this any longer," says Mr. Eagle, jumping up and sending the papers flying all over the office-table. "I've a conscience, if fate has made a mebbe; but it doos seem, jest at fust, real estate agent of me. Tell her to ye know, consid'able like tryin' t' eat come round this afternoon and sign the a paper o' buttered pins."-Youth's "Never mind, Mrs. Pounce-never lease. Four hundred pounds is twice Companion. what we asked and we asked all the

> So the curly lady had her own way after all. The baldheaded old gentleman aiways in debt, sat one day in a barstamped about in a pretty rage when he

property was worth to begin with "

heard as the house was let. "I'll sue the agency," said he. "I'll have the house if it costs me all I'm be one of the poet's largest creditors.

taken the house."

"Dearest Barbara!" says he.

"How on earth came you here?" says "I was lool in ? for a desirable residence for you, my own angel," says he.

"You duck!" says she. "And I thought this would exactly suit you," says he. "Oh!" says she, "it does. And I've taken it for four hundred pounds a to pay, but I've been driven to it by a horrid old cormorant who was deter-

However-"Barbara," says the old gentleman, with a little, gasping sound in his had gone sniffing about the drain-pipes throat, as if he was swallowing a lump, "that cormorant was I!"

mined to have the house at any price.

"You don't mean-" says she. "That we've been bidding against each other," says the old gentleman.

"And I was going to give you a pleasant surprise," says she, pulling out her handkerchief.

for the pleasure of it-never mind. Barbara. Let's go in and measure for the carpets and curtains. Let bywere saying that he was going to take gones be bygones-but the next time more oil than is desirable, but the rice 23,000. a blue-pill. "And the house will suit we drive a bargain perhaps it might be as well to confide in each other. Two ing to board," says he, with an odd sort hundred pounds a year-on a five spiration, undue moisture and shine on of chuckle in his throat, "and she's not | years' lease-is almost too much to pay | the skin. While corn meal has softened for a pleasant surprise!"

said old Mrs. Ponnce. They were marcomes a stout, middle-aged lady, in a ried in a month and they came there to black silk dress, rows of curls on either live. And of all my experience in side of her face and cheeks as red as house-letting this beat everythingand so everybody says, my dear, as "I have just come from Mr. Eagle's hears the story. -Baltimore World.

LOVERS OF WARMTH.

"I don't know, ma'am," says I, "but Fire Among the Aborigines of the Island

The invention of fire was a great step in the progress of the human race, and Don't I tell you I have the refusal of it? it is not strange that so many uncivilized peoples have superstitious no-Well, I was in a pretty puzzle, as you | tions connected with it. Mrs. Millett, Australia, has some interesting observations under this head. When the "Possession on the 1st of May, I sap- natives camp for the night a fire is lighted in front of each hut-the huts being made of boughs, with the en-"There's no if in the question," says trance carefully turned away from the she, as short as pie-crust. "You may wind-so that the feet of those who are sleeping within may be kept warm.

If one of their relatives has lately died, an additional and solitary fire is lighted at a little distance from the huts, where the ghost of the deceased may sit and warm itself without disturbing the family hearth. In fact, hair and the rose-red cheeks, and I was warmth is so great a necessity to the just putting on my hat to run round to native that he seems to think that the house agency, when in comes Mr. Eagle | dead can only by degrees become accustomed to the want of it, and the airing of a grave by kindling a fire within it is a very important ceremony

at a funeral. The same love of warmth creates an aversion to early rising, and natives are seldom seen abroad until the sun "Dear me," says he, "this is very has been one or two hours above the

"The clock struck twelve, sir," says the hand, beneath the kangaroo skin, borax and ammonia. The action of the a piece of smouldering wood, which Mr. Eagle hit himself a blow over the compensates the bearer in some sort for the want of a flannel waistcoat, neath the skin to the surface, creating and the orange groves, from the vineand enables him to light a fire at a mo-

One of our men had also a plan on cold nights of lying down, rolled up in his furs, upon the ashes of a raked-out fire. He explained to my husband that the advantage of thus going to bed was two-fold, being no less good for warmth than for concealment, especially when passing the night in a strange place, where the keeping up of a fire after dark might attract the notice of

unfriendly natives. Each tribe possesses a territory of its own, and each family of the tribe has its own especial tract of land within that territory. Here a man can light his fire and build his hut without fear of molestation. It is, in fact, his paternal estate, so that the word "fire" conveys to an Australian the same meaning of fatherland or birthplace as the word "hearth" conveys to a European, and is used by the aborigines in the same sense.-Youth's Companion.

NOT USED TO IT.

An Inland Man's First Experiment in Eat-

Abner Stone had lived "inland" all his days and knew all there was to be known about pork and beef as articles told me afterward; he never saw any of food. His acquaintance with the products of the sea, on the other hand, was very slight; in fact it was confined I'll have it, cost what it may. Do you to one lobster, which his younger brother Wilson had brought up to the farm from Bayport one summer when

Abner had enjoyed that lobster amazingly, and it was in some measure his praise of this fish that led Wilson to press his brother to "make him a call" the next autumn or spring and that afternoon with an upholsterer "eat his fill" of fish. "There's heaps o' things better'n lobsters," Wilson averred. "There's shad, now; I reckon you'd find saad would relish pooty

"Yes, indeed, he'd orter eat some of our shad," chimed in Mrs. Wilson Stone: and the next spring, with thoughts of shad in his mind, Abner went down to Bayport.

He had a tiresome journey, for he was not used to traveling, and when he reached Bayport at night he was more than ready for bed.

"You're goin' t' have some shad in the mornin'," remarked Mrs. Wilson Stone, as she bade him good night. The promise was kept, but somehow Abner did not seem to enjoy the delicacy as his brother had expected. In whistle he gave when I told him the fact he ate so little of it that Wilson

> all?" "Well," said the old farmer, with a brave attempt at a smile, "I calc'late I shell, when I get kinder wonted to it,

Two Slick for the Barber. The celebrated French poet, St. Foix, who, in spite of his large income, was ber's chair, waiting to be shaved. He hour. From time to time great massive a tradesman entered who happened to deluge of hot water." As this stream you, suh. Shine!"-N. Y. Tribune. No sooner did this man see St. Foix rolled nearer and nearer to Nico-"Oh, hush, sir, hush!" says I, all in a than he angrily demanded his money. losi-the town situated at the foot of pecting a scene, after all that had ber a witness of the agreement and come and gone. But to my surprise she immediately took a towel, wiped the vened in the eruption which threatened immediately took a towel, wiped the vened in the eruption which threatened "That'll do, ma'am," says he, "that'll gave a little shriek and flew into his lather from his face and left the shop. Catania in 1669, was borne through the -London Tid-Bits.

THE HANDS IN SUMMER.

uggestions For Women Who Dislike Tan, Freckles and Sunbura.

The young woman who values her smooth, soft, white hands leaves silk ain and looked down upon the crater.as a and lace gloves behind when she starts sea of bright red angry lava, "not lion an outing, or relegates them to boxes | quid, as most people suppose, but concontaining house and evening finery, sisting of many millions of large and She believes that what hands most need | small blocks of rocky-looking stuff rollin summer is protection. They must ing onward." The eruption, however, year. It seems a good deal of money not be exposed to the effects of atmos- slackened early in June, and finally phere when moist with perspiration, ceased on the 5th, after engulfing a connor must sun and heated dry air be al- vent and many woods and vineyards, at lowed to parch and brown them. Soap is not necessary for oily skins, or nearest house in Nicolosi. For some

for thin, dry skins. When the hands days after, however, earthquakes of are soiled, dry, or even unpleasantly considerable violence continued to be moist, dip them in warm water in felt throughout the Ætna region, causwhich a drop or two of aromatic spirits | ing much terror, and in one place they of ammonia has stood for a few moments. Once wet, dip them in a jar of fine corn meal, and, turning one within another a few times, immerse them again in the vast extent, for "il Monte" has an area warm water. Then turn cold water of 462 square miles. Two cities, Cataover them to create a reaction of skin nia and Aci Reale, and sixty-two small and to prevent puffiness or wrinkling. towns cluster upon the slopes of the "It is a surprise," says he. "But as Dry them with soft linen, and dust over awful mountain, whose entrails are fire, them fine, pure rice powder.

the pores of the skin, thus emitting | nearly 100,000, and Aci Reale of about powder counteracts that and is among the most harmless agents to cheek per-So that settled the matter, my dear, | oil and soil and added to their whiteness. Rice powder may be scented with wild rose or sandal-wood sachet. Creams, glycerine, or emollients, prepsubstances should be avoided by oily kins. Acids like lemon, astringents, like benzoine, the more harmless powpair of kid gloves should be drawn on.

are consequently neither hardened, as are spared the action of air on their hands. It is so natural to feel that one | done says: must bathe one's hands every little while on the warm summer days to do away with perspiration.

Bathe them as seldom as possible, unborax. Canadian girls use it, and it can be recommended for brunettes.

use, should be tabooed, no matter how every luxury of life." warm the weather. In their stead many society women who have transparent skins provide Danish reindeer skin gloves. Reindeer skin is heavier stone, in our troublous days, have, among and has a closer texture than other many great men, in great wonder. skins, yet it possesses a softening power

on hands. In wet weather it is usual to carry in should be immersed in a solution of durance, and its supreme, awe-inspiring draw the contents of small glands be- the middle ages. From the banana tan, and sometimes freekles. The brine helps to "set" the color, and should, therefore, be counteracted as speedily as possible. But too much ammonia makes the skin vellow and old in appearance. If the hands become blistered rub in the following mixture: Oil of almonds one part, rectified spirits and chasms breathing vapor from the

For stained hands try citric acid, spirits of rosemary and glycerine, and remove with distilled water. - N. Y. Sun.

MOUNT ÆTNA.

Its First Eruption Mentioned in History Occurred in 425 B. C. Mount Ætna, the eruption of which threatens to assume formidable proportions, is located in the northeast portion of the island of Sicily, adjacent to the sea and near the City of Catania. It is an isolated mountain of conical form, and is separated from the other mountains of Sicily by the valley of the river Alcantara. It is 10.935 feet in height, and has a circumference, at its base, of ninety miles. Its volcanic phenomena are presented on a greater scale than those of any other European volcano, and attracted greater attention from the ancients. Thucydides mentioned an eruption which occurred in 425 B. C. Four violent eruptions are recorded as having occurred in twenty vears, viz.: 140, 135, 126 and 121 B. C. In ancient as in modern times the volcanic action of Mount Ætna was irregular and intermittent. On various occasions the city of Catania has been nearly ruined by the eruptions of the volcano and the accompanying earthquakes. Several of the ancient writers describe the upper part of the mountain as covered with perpetual snow, but at present snow lies there only during eight or nine months of the year.

Eighty-one eruptions are recorded since Ætna has had a history, the earmost recent in 1874; of these not more than nineteen have been of extreme violence, while a majority have been of a slight and a comparatively harmless character. The recent eruptions were in the years 1868, 1874, 1879, 1883 and 1886, that of 1868 being the last to be classed among the exceptional disturbances. The eruption of 1886 commenced on May 18, and continued until the first week in June. There were premonitory symptoms in the form of earthquakes and a fall of hot cinders, which were thrown as far as Messina, some eighty miles distant. A lava stream was seen to be issuing from a crater in the side of Monte Penitello, about a mile south of the English house where the government observatory is situated. "Twenty-four hours afterwards," wrote an eye-witness to the London News, "streams of lava were seen coming out at seven other points, and a day later the principal crater, so that red-hot lava was poured down simultaneously in a volume nearly two miles in breadth. The rate of descent was reckoned at an average of twenty yards an continued to advance for days, and was excited amongst the inhabitants, boot, on being asked one day by a m out the images of the saints from the Elmira Gazette.

churches to the plazza, and there prayed | SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT. for the desolating flood to be arrested The stream was described by another eye-witness, who ascended the mounta point only a few hundred yards of the

destroyed several houses. The volcano's majestic height is less imposing to the imagination than its and whose breath is flame and light-The effect of warm water is to open ning. Catania has a population of Nine miles beneath the erater, which

is 1,000 feet in depth, three miles in width (it was rent anew into great fissures by the last eruption), the habitthem, aromatic ammonia has removed able zone commences, and is tenauted by 300,000 souls. Only the Val del Bove, commencing two miles from the summit, where Sir Charles Lyell believes there formerly existed a center of parations of cucumbers, and other fatty | permanent eruption, is altogether sterile now: the other sides of the mountain are clothed with trees at the same level. And such trees! Fourteen sepders and starchy preparations are ben- arate forests form the Regione Selvosa, ficial to them at night, when a loose and they abound with oak, beech, pine and poplar, with the chestnut, the ilex Some women never expose their hands and the cork tree. Mariposa and Calto atmospheric effects in summer. They averas cannot beat the "Castagna di Cento Cavalli," in the forest of Carpithe skin of the face is often, by contact netto, on the east side of the mountain, with dry air, and are unblemished, not in whose trunk, through which the so much from the fact that the sun is public road now passes, a queen of Aranot allowed to shine on them, for it fre- gon once took shelter, with a suite of uently does in the house, as that they | 100 horsemen. The Regione Coltivata, whose soil consists of decomposed lava, delicate surfaces, especially after the is lavishly fruitful; of the three regions, use of water, and it is that which works of which the Deserta has the most powhavoe with the delicacy and beauty of erful charm for the imagination, Bry-

"Besides the corn, the wine, the oil, the silk, the spice, and delicious fruits of its lower region; the beautiful forests, the flecks, the game, the tar, the cork, less in the dry bath of meal, removed with chamois skin. Even then dust on ice of its third—it affords from its cavsome simple powder. At night try a erns a variety of minerals and other paste of cornstarch, lemon and a little productions, cinnabar, mercury, sul phur, alum, nitre and vitriol, so that the wonderful mountain, at the same Silk or lace gloves, for out-of-door time, produces every necessary and

The story of the ascent of the mountain from whose summit Plato, in his serene and thoughtful time, and Mr. Gladwatched the sunrise, has a strong fascination, because of its wide contrast, After a dip in the ocean the hands its stern exaction of strength and ensun on hands wet with sea water is to inspired the ancients and the poets of yards and the palms, through the seven botanical regions into which the botanists have divided the realm protected of Persephone-because "amid the billowy cornfields of her mother, Demeter, and the meadow-flowers she loved in girlhold, are ever found sulphurous ravines one part, rose or elderflower water one pit of Hades"-to the snow-capped crust that spreads for ten square miles between the awful depth of unquenchable fire and the blue heaven that suddenly seems to be brought near, the traveler mounts, with an ever-increasing sense of the vastness beyond and around him.

-Philadelphia Telegraph.

IT MIGHT BE WORSE. The Black Bootblack's Philosophy of Hot Weather and Shipwreck. "Good morning, suh; have a shine, suh?" said the black bootblack as he saw one of his regular customers coming down the corridor. The regular sat down in the chair, inwardly prayed that no one of his friends might come along before he got out of it and made

some original observation about the "Yes, suh," replied the bootblack; "it is sutn'ly a very hot day. I--wellno, suh, I won't say nothing about it, because it might be a good deal wus. There might be a big flood or a wind to blow us all away. Yas, suh, that's what I always say when I hear people talkin' about how bad things is. I says: 'Don't you go and say nothing, his business the characteristics of a because it might be a good deal wus.' I remember one time I was out sailin' with six other people and four of 'em was ladies; yes, suh, that was on the James river, and a squall struck the boat and she was just tippin'all 'round, and the ladies, they was just scared to

death, and they all yelled that we got to go back. "But I says: 'Don't say nothing; it might be a good deal wus; if we try to liest in the the time of Pythagoras, the go back the wind 'll hit us harder and we might tip over.' But it wa'n't any use; the ladies kept hollerin' that we got to go back, and the captain put her round and she got caught right between two waves, and she went to the bottom and five of 'em was drowned. Yes, suh, all the ladies was drowned and the captain was drowned. I just struck out for the shore, I tell you; I wa'n't going to get drowned for nobody. Could I save any of the others? I didn't see none of the others; I didn't want to see none of 'em. I just got to the shore: that's all I wanted. Then I found a man with a boat and we started out, and in a minute we see the other man comin' down the river and we pulled him in, and the ones that | tile fortunes." was drowned, some of 'em wasn't found down the river.

for two days, and then they was 'way "That' what I say, as long as I'm alive, it might be wus. I never hurt nobody, these seven new volcanoes all joined and I don't want nobody to touch me. Anybody can steal my money or my clothes or anything; I just say: 'Give me my life;' they can have my wife, they can have anything I got, only don't hurt me. I know I got to die sometime, that's certain, but I don't wan't nobody was lathered when the door opened and stones were cast down, together with a to murder me. No change, suh? Thank

-Bonaventure de Fourcroy, a clever society poet of the seventeenth century. "Oh, hush, sir, hush!" says I, all in a than he angrily demanded his money. losi—the town situated at the foot of the mountain—the greatest alarm and an intimate friend of Moliere to "Who?" says he.

"Mon't you wait for the money until I'm shaved?" "Cerwho implored Heaven to avert the important the money until I'm shaved?" "Cerwho implored Heaven to avert the important the money until I'm shaved?" "The lady as has a to others, is a proposition that no per, for which a fresh array of good the man can refute, and that no intelligent things, even more solid, richer and more than the per more than the per more solid, richer and more than the per more than the p And I got behind the door, fully ex- prospect. St. Foix then made the bar- Agatha, the patron saint of the district, him I'll make him a barrister; if not,

> -Jagson says it's strange nobody ever He wore a beard to the end of his days. streets of Nicolosi with great ecclesias- finds out what the wild waves are saytica! pomp, while the people brought ing, although ever so many go to sea-

The common saying, "If it had been

Cause of the Russian Famine.

snake it would have bitten him," could hardly be better applied than to the failure of W. E. Edgar, in his article on "Russia's Land System; The Cause of the Famine," published in the July Forum, to discover the real cause of suffering among the Russian peasantry. Doubtless shiftlessness has had something to do with the famine: ignorance of improved methods of production has had something to do with it; the money lenders, the petty officials, and the small traders, all have had something to do with it. But these are effects of an anterior cause, and so far as they themselves are causes at all, they are secondary and quite superficial. It is not remarkable, perhaps, that a man who, in these days of telegraphs, cables, railroads, steamer lines, commerce, and banking, thought it necessary to load a special ship with a special consignment of food for transportation from America to Russia, in order to relieve the Russian peasantry, should look no deeper than the outward appearance of things for an explanation of the famine, and wholly ignore its great fundamental cause, though in Russia the cause lies nearer to the surface than in any other country, Ireland, perhaps, excepted. Mr. Edgar really touches upon and describes this cause, but with no more consciousness of its significance than a plow-horse has of the relation of the implement he draws through the soil in spring to the corn

he eats in winter. Mr. Edwards notices the existence in Russia of "lords of the land," possessing individually thousands upon thousands of acres; but from that pregnant fact he draws no other inference regarding the famine than that it is largely due to the habit of these "lords of the land," since the abolition of serfdom, of living in cities and towns far away from their estates, and forgetful of the interests of their child-like peas- the amount for '92,' while there is talk antry. And now that "the lord of the of again doubling the advance for '93, land has returned to his former serfs and interested himself in their welfare," Mr. Edgar supposes that, admonished by the long black winter of starvation now about to end, each class will in future appreciate "each other's value." But he fears that if "the peasant's welfare should be again neglected by his traditional protector, his prospects for

the future are dark indeed." How an intelligent man could thus come face to face with the relations of the landowning to the peasant classes of Russia without asking himself in what way the lord of the land is valuable to the peasantry, and by what token he is able to be their protector, passes all comprehension. Granted that the peasant is shiftless; so is the lord of the land. Granted that the peasant is ignorant of improved methods of production; so is the lord of the land. Granted that the peasant is extravagant and wasteful; the lord of the land is more so. But the peasant, though he works, they now do," we challenge it to give famishes for want of what work proout working, lives in luxury upon the be less under single tax than they are fruits of work. If the peasant were not plundered by the lord of the land, what power would the lord of the land have to relieve him? Sixteen-string Jack stole guineas before he distributed shillings.

How can idleness relieve industry unless it first robs industry? That is a question which Mr. Edgar has never put to himself, or he would have seen in this "lord of the land," whose pity for famishing serfs has so deeply touched him, the real underlying cause of the Russian famine.-The Standard.

Source of Stable Fortunes.

The Real Estate Record and Guide has been investigating the sources of American fortunes, and though its conclusion can not be particularly pleasing to millionaires who fondly regard themselves as "self-made," a very interesting article is the result. The writer observes that under the feudal system land was at first the sole and later the chief source of wealth, and down to the latter part of the last century the only permanent form. Since that time large European fortunes can be traced to land, which retains its importance though agricultural land has largely given place to urban and suburban; but banking, manufacturing and trading have also furnished foundations for

Trading has never been very import-

ant, however, except in cases in which

the trader has been able to secure for

great fortunes.

monopoly, like that of the great brewers. In this country the writer finds that circumstances have peculiarly favored monopolies of just that character. Very few fortunes have been made here in the ordinary channels of trade. Though the foundations may have been laid in mercantile business, the "founder, fortunately for himself and his heirs, invested his profits in city real estate, and then reaped a rich harvest as the city grew." The fortunes of our railway millionaire, the writer adds, are essentially of a monopolistic origin, and most bankers' fortunes have been made as intermediaries, under favor of monopoly privileges, between railroad corporations and the investing public. He then lays down this law: "While in ordinary business, expansion of trade means increased competition, such expansion necessarily contributes to the growth of anything which approaches the nature of a monopoly." To the operations of this law, he says, "our American fortunes are nearly all trace-

able, and they contain a promise of sta-

bility such as is not shared by mercan-

It is encouraging to find papers like the Record and Guide engaged in examinations of this kind along substantially correct lines of inquiry. The writer assumes that large fortunes are in themselves bad; but since he clearly draws the true economic distinction between fortunes obtained in competitive business and those obtained by means of legalized monopoly-a distinction that runs between wealth and they were again on hand to share both poverty-his error is of little or no consequence. It is strange, however, that he should recognize the effect of "gundelows" up the creeks to the nearland values in making and fix- est possible point to where it was ing large fortunes, without instantly wanted, then carted home in triumphal seeing the injustice of our land tenures. procession. Then the men, who had That the land itself justly belongs as done full justice already to the promuch to one generation as to another, visions carried with them, were quite and honest man ventures to deny. But indigestible than those previously conits value is often honestly supposed to sumed, had been provided. servative writer shows, but the profits valiant trencher men.-Youth's Comof competitive labor. As those profits panion.

grow, they increase the value of the land upon which and by means of which they are made; and this shifts them from the worker as such to the owner of the land as such. It is by that process that land owners acquire stable fortunes: not by their own labor, but wholly at the expense of the competitive worker.-The Standard.

Oliver Twist in Pittsburgh.

Men who become accustomed to living at public expense, ultimately look upon their privilege as a right, and the more luxurious the support they enioy the more strenuous are they in maintaining it as a right, and the more brazen in asking for more. The Pittsburgh Dispatch tells of a case in point. A fire having swept away the John Harper building in Pittsburgh, a movement was started to have the adjacent street opened to Penn avenue. In behalf of the movement it was urged that it would be a good time to do this immediately after the fire, as the damages on condemnation would be less then than after new buildings were erected. But Mr. Harper opposed the scheme. He was not satisfied to be paid the value which Pittsburgh had already given to his lot, but wanted also the additional value which future growth will give it. Here is what he said: "I suppose the city can condemn the property, but I will oppose it. The widening would take twenty feet and leave a strip of ten feet that would be worthless unless Charles Arbuthnot would buy it. We do not want to give up the property, for in a few years it will be worth a half more than what it is now; and if it is condemned, its value as an investment would not be considered. Mr. Harper should not be personally condemned; he is only a type.

Effect of the World's Fair.

Landlords are charged with being especially greedy, rents having been advanced in '91, in anticipation of the fair business, again advanced by twice one effect of this being that many families of moderate means living in Chicago have been obliged to move out further, to secure homes at rentals leaving them something with which to pay the butcher and baker.-American Machinist.

It would be difficult to get simple logic into a worse twist than the Chicago Tribune succeeds in doing when it avers that the single tax would fall heaviest on farmers because agriculture is the predominant industry. As the single tax relieves all industry of taxation, it takes a very gymnast in sophistry to conclude that such a tax would fall heaviest on the predominant industry. Any mere man would suppose that the predominant industry would benefit most by the abolition of taxation on industry. As the Tribune helps out its bad logic with the assertion that under the single tax farmers "would pay vastly more than working farmer whose taxes would not now, even if the single tax were high enough to take the entire rental value of his land. The Tribune can not do it, and dares not make the attempt.-The Standard.

Land owners in New York city are congratulating themselves this year upon the action of the tax assessors in increasing valuations only upon land which has been actually improved. Since taxes on improvements are shifted to the tenant they have excellent reasons for their joy. The tenants have not yet been heard from .- Stan-

The best and surest subject of taxation is the thing that perforce stays in one place, that is land.-N. Y. Sun, August 26, 1891.

HARVEST ON THE MARSH.

Where "Distance Lends Enchantment to the View" in Truth. Harvesting the hay on the salt marshes of the New England shore is a picturesque and pleasing occupation at

a distance. The mowers, the men pitching hay on the wagons or scows, or building it into great ricks perched on staddles, the wide sweep of the meadows threaded here and there with the gleam of winding creeks, the wheeling of white gulls overhead, the low hills of the inland horizon, and to the eastward the irregular rolling line of a range of sand dunes on the broad blue of the sea-all these unite to make a charming and po-

etic picture. But it is a picture that needs distance. Close at hand it is seen that the labor is very hard, the men hot and weary. the sun blazing down with terrific force upon the shadeless expanse. Often, too, the pest of the green-heads and gnats is so great that the harvesters wear veils over their heads and mittens on their hands as they work.

Nevertheless, in the old colonial day, having on the marshes had its compensations. Its close was marked by local ceremonies of harvest home, forerunners of thanksgiving, from which indeed it was very little different. In this, as in all other of their celebrations, eating and drinking held a foremost place. It did not seem to them unsuitable

that the women of their households during the dog-days should be hanging over hot ovens and toiling in pantries. preparing dozens of mince pies, mountains of ready-cooked meat, jars full of cookies and doughnuts, and long rows of loaves of cake, the richer and spicier the more creditable to the housekeeper

who provided it. Much of this task was accomplished before the departure of the men, as the greater part of the provisions were to be "packed for the ma'sh" for them to take.

During the two or three days while they were actually having the women had comparative leisure, and often took the time to make a round of neighborhood calls; but on the final return, "boating day" as it was often called, the labor and the festivities.

The hay was floated in great flat

belong to individuals. What makes Truly, if our New England ancestors land value? Nothing, even as this con- were gallant workers, they were no less